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"Hello! Just look there!" cried Ned Carter pointing toward the steps of the schoolhouse.

"Whoopee! Another challenge!" replied Andy Beeler as they rushed to pick up the object, a small bundle of feather-tipped arrows tied with a snake-skin string.

"This is the third one this week," said Ned, examining the arrows.

"Yes—you found the first one on your gate the first of the week, I found one on my gate yesterday morning, and now these. Who do you think could be leaving them?" inquired Andy.

"Can't guess. None of the boys around here have any arrows, much less arrows like these," declared Ned thoughtfully.

Ned and Andy had been the first to arrive at the schoolhouse, and when other boys of their class arrived they were equally puzzled as to who it might be who was thus challenging them in Indian fashion, and suggested many plans by which they thought the challengers might be discovered.

At noon Sam Nelson arrived, having been absent from the morning session.

When told about the arrows he gave a whistle and declared, "I have it. It must be some of the boys of the Oak Hall School."

"Yes," agreed Ned, "that's it. They're trying to puzzle us to get even with us for winning that running race from them that time."

"Sure! That's it!" cried Sam. "And I believe I saw the boys. I was down the creek this morning, hunting up the cow, and I saw a boat with two boys in it paddling fast up stream in the direction of Oak Hall. They were too far away for me to recognize them, but they must have brought those arrows."

THE MYSTERIOUS ARROWS

MARY DAVID AMMERMAN

The other boys agreed with Sam and all promised that they would try to help ferret out the mystery of the arrows.

Ned, Andy and Sam lived near each other and were fast pals. The school was to have a day's holiday and they plotted to spend the time trying to trail the bearers of the puzzling challenge.

As they dashed out into the road after school on the afternoon of the day before the holiday, Sam caught Ned and Andy, each by an arm, and asked, "What's to hinder us from going down to the cave right away?"

"Nothing!" shouted the boys as they ran toward Sam's home on the edge of the town, to leave books and coats.

"We won't have time to do any detective work this afternoon, but we'll lay all our plans so that we'll be able to go right to work in the morning," said Ned.

made for the gate of the barnyard and the woods beyond.

"O Sam! Andy! Ned! Wait a minute, can't you?" shrilled out a girl's voice as Sam's sister Sally and her chum Mary Gorden darted around the house and came running after the boys. "Let us go with you. Please!"

"Not much!" replied Sam, pulling at the gate latch. "Who wants to have girls tagging along!"

"But," pleaded Sally, "we don't want to tag after you, we just want to go down to where the camp was last year and make a fire and cook the supper as we did last year."

"We'll have weenies and cakes," added Mary enticingly.

"And we'll make some lemonade," put in Sally as she saw hesitancy in Sam's and Ned's faces.

Sure enough, this proffer of help and eats appealed to the boys. "All right," conceded Sam, who always assumed the leadership. "You all can come on down and get supper, but—mind—don't you dare come near the cave."

The boys found their secret "robber-cave" as they had left it at the beginning of school, and Sam, after much searching and measuring with steps, located the special flat rock under which they had left the key to their treasure chest. The lock was a little rusty, but they were soon culling over the contents of the iron-bound box and each calling the attention of the others to the valuable contribution he had made.



"Why, who are you?" stammered Sally

Then, after a long game of fox and geese, they lolled about the entrance to the cave and formed plans for the morrow. These included a thorough search for tracks, from the creek to the school-house, in the forenoon. If tracks were found, to confirm their suspicions, in the afternoon they would row up the creek, locate the canoe Sam had seen and follow the tracks from it. It had rained hard recently, and they hoped in this way to trail the two boys Sam had seen. Beyond that they did not try to make a plan, as they felt that they must include others of the boys to help them.

Their plans completed, they were tired out and more than glad to answer the girls' call to come to supper. Weenies, cake and lemonade disappeared with lightning rapidity and by that time night was near. So, after a grudging assent for the girls to return the next afternoon, they hurried home with unappeased appetites and hopeful visions of the triumphs of the next day's undertaking.

Sure enough, when they arrived early the next morning at the creek they soon located the landing place of the canoe and eagerly followed the distinct tracks leading from it toward the village. But their disappointment was great when, after following them through the muddy field and across lots, they found that they led off from the direction of the school-house in the direction of a barn in the rear of a grocery store. At the back door of the store they received the depressing news that the grocery man was buying fish from some boys who lived up the stream, and that they delivered them early in the morning several times a week.

So, tired out and crestfallen, they trudged home to dinner, each pledged to bring to the cave, after lunch, a fresh suggestion for a plan to search out the mystery of the arrows some of the Oak Hall boys had been leaving.

The girls were not so hungry and soon finished their dinner and hurried down to the camping place.

"Oh, I say—let's hide the basket and ourselves around the corner of the hill away from the cave. The boys will think that we did not come this time and we will surprise them when we call them to supper," suggested Mary.

"That's just the thing. They were real mean about letting us come, as if the camp isn't ours as well as theirs. We'll scare them up this time—for they sure love to eat," said Sally as they scrambled through the bushes into the woods along the hillside.

"Why, see here!" cried Sallie. "Here's a red arrow nailed to a tree pointing farther around the hill!"

"And—here's another!" called Mary who had run on ahead.

"And another on this tree!" added Sally, venturing on farther along the path through the thick woods. "See! They

all point in the same direction. What can it mean?" she gasped—for the boys had told them nothing of the other arrows.

"You don't suppose that bandits could be hiding back there around the hill and are trying to lure people to their den!" cried Mary, the timid one.

"It certainly does look scary and spooky!" admitted Sally who was generally very brave-hearted.

"Oh, oh! Let's run back and tell the boys!" said Mary.

So they hurriedly retraced their steps to the camp and on to the cave. There they found the boys talking in such loud, excited tones that they didn't notice that the girls had disobeyed Sam's strict orders.

Ned was holding up a bundle of red arrows bound together with a narrow leather belt. "It's a challenge all right," he declared, "and they weren't here this morning."

"And see!" called Andy, who had been examining the ground. "There aren't any tracks leading toward the creek. How did they get here?"

"I didn't know that any one in this country had real arrows. These are feather-tipped like real Indian arrows," said Sam.

"Then—perhaps real Indians are hidden back there. These are just like the arrows nailed to the trees around the hillside," said Mary.

"Around the hillside! Where? What do you mean?" cried Sam.

Sally then told them of what she and Mary had discovered on the wooded hillside.

"It's spooky!" cried Mary. "Let's run!" "Huh! Let's go and see those arrows. Those Oak Hall boys must have crept around the hill to surprise us. We'll show them a thing or two!" said Sam boastfully.

Farther and farther the guiding arrows led them, around the curve of the hillside into an open meadow-like place. Then—a terrible buzzing—and the air was suddenly filled with a shower of arrows. And then three figures in fringed buckskin and feathered headdresses emerged from some bushes with wild whoops. Even the boys shrank back affrighted.

But in a moment, Sally advanced and called, "Hey, there!" We've a Golden Rule Circle in our Sunday school, too!"

"Sally! What do you mean! They're Indians, sure. Let's run!" cried Mary.

"But Indians don't wear patent-leather slippers. And there's the emblem of the Golden Rule Circle drawn on the last arrow!" declared Sally, as the advancing figures pulled off their headdresses and revealed the brown-stained faces of a strange boy and two girls.

"Why, who are you?" stammered Sally. "Where did you come from?"

"Only from Arizona! But we have been

living over the hill at the Jewett place for three months!" explained the older girl, with an accusing look at the girls. "We are not Indians. We are white, and yet not a single boy or girl has been to see us. I was a member of the Golden Rule Circle in our Sunday school."

A shamed silence fell upon the questioning party, especially the girls who belonged to the Circle. Every one of them knew that some strange youngsters had moved to the Jewett place, but they had been so taken up with each other that they had not given a thought to the loneliness of the newcomers.

"But—you didn't start to school or Sunday school!" ventured Sally.

"No, for at first we were getting over the measles. But we are well, now, and Jack has been slipping arrows over to the boys. When we saw you playing down here we couldn't stand it any longer. We took this way to get acquainted with you—if you care to know us," explained the same girl.

And then the smaller girl said, "We had lots of nice friends out in Arizona."

The detective party hung their heads, but the boy called out, "Oh, well, we must not harbor malice. I see you all are sorry, so come on everybody. You are invited to the Hullabaloo," and he started off, followed by his sisters and more slowly by the others.

It turned out that these youngsters had a sure-enough camp outfit and they explained that their father had run a store for tourists and given them the things. They were very friendly and a merry time was had until almost night.

As the visitors trudged homeward, Mary said, "Well, hereafter, I am not going to be 'forgetful of strangers.' Suppose we moved out to Arizona and not a single boy or girl came to see us!"

And Sally grinned at the boys. "Remember," she said, "it was the 'tagging girls' who found out who it was that brought over those mysterious arrows."

The White Crocus

By RAELENE NEWELL WHITE

Crocus, Crocus, on the lawn,
White as snow your petals are,
Did you open in the night?
Maybe you're a fallen star.

All your sisters dress in gold,
Or in softest shades of blue,
Or in lavender, or pink.

They are very sweet, but you

Are the Crocus I love most.
Barbara Ann and Alice May
Say the violet is their flower,
But I choose you from this day.

When I see you in the grass
Every Spring, then I shall look
For the robin, for the worm,
And for bluebirds near the brook.

The Beaded Monster

By Esther E. Reeks

"WHERE do the Indians get the patterns for their bead work?" asked Mary May, who, with her parents, had recently moved from the East to live near her cousin John in Arizona. "That is such a queer mixed-up sort of a pattern," indicating a beaded belt in the window of a curio shop, "all irregular circles and broken bands. I don't see how they thought of such things."

"I'll show you where they got the idea," returned her cousin. "Come on over to Jake's filling station and you'll know."

The two crossed over and went down the street a couple of blocks. "Where's Beastie?" inquired the boy of the man in attendance as they drew up at the station.

"Over there under the cactus bush," and the man indicated the desert garden at the back. "He's beginning to wake up now that it's getting a little cooler."

John led the way and soon they discovered a strange-looking creature sprawled out in the shade of a prickly pear. "Here's your Indian-belt pattern," announced John.

Mary May looked hard. What she saw was a rounded object, some two feet in length, including a thick tail, brownish black and pink in color, and looking as though it was covered with beads in a pattern almost identical with that of the belt they had just seen.

"What is it?" she questioned, unable to decide whether it was a living thing or a beaded bag of some sort.

"A Gila monster; or to be more explicit, a big lizard, the largest of the lizards of the United States. Don't you see his feet?"

"I do now," returned Mary, "but I didn't at first. How much like hands they look, with the fingers all spread out. But I never thought a lizard looked like that. Most lizards don't wear beads all over their skin."

"No, they don't. This one is known as the beaded lizard, only they are not really beads. You see he wears a very tough coat with little horny projections all over it that look from a little distance like beads. The Indians sometimes tan the skins and use them in different ways. But mostly they are afraid of the monsters."

"Are they really dangerous?" queried Mary.

"Oh, no. Their bite is poison to small animals and sometimes to humans, but they are lazy things and don't often take the trouble to bite. They'd rather run than fight unless cornered. It's just superstition on the part of the Indians that makes them afraid, I guess. Jake has had this one as a mascot for a long

time and he has never hurt anyone. Of course he is kept chained up, but that is so he will not go back to his desert home.

"You see, the Gila monster is a desert lizard, just like the horned lizard that you always wanted to call a toad. Only he is not so fond of the hot sun as that spiny little fellow. The monster stays in the shade through the day and does his going about at night. For about three months of the hottest part of the summer he does nothing but sleep, day and night. Further north, the horned lizards sleep for three months during the coldest part of the winter."



"BEASTIE"

"Yes, I know, hibernating, it is called. The woodchucks do that in the winter back in New England. Bears and some other animals do it too. But I never heard before of a creature hibernating in summer."

"Well, the Gila monster does. And sometimes I wish I could, too, when it gets so hot."

"But where do you suppose the beaded lizard stores up his food in time of plenty to live on when he is asleep or when food gets scarce?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. You'll have to tell me."

"Why, right in his tail. That's chiefly what he has a tail for. When he gets all he can possibly eat, his tail gets big and round because it fills up with fat. Then when he has nothing at all to eat, the fat goes to feed other parts of his body. Don't you wish you could carry your cupboard around with you like that?"

"Not if I had to be as awkward looking as he," returned Mary May. "He is all right for a bead-work pattern, but as anything else, I don't think much of his looks. I'm glad, though, you showed him to me, for you certainly do have some of the oddest creatures here."

"That's the fun of it," asserted John.

March Wind

By RUTH MELICK GRIFFITH

March Wind is a broom,

Biggest I've seen,
Sweeping the sidewalks
Till they are clean;

Brushing the garden,
Piling leaves high,
Whisking the dust-clouds

Up to the sky.



What Did She Say?

By HILDA RICHMOND

Grandmother Forbes had her neat little package all ready to go to her friend, Mrs. Kent, who was having a birthday that day and somebody would have to deliver it, as Grandmother could not go herself, being lame, but she was not very well pleased when Patty tucked the parcel under her arm and started down the street.

"O dear!" sighed Grandmother to herself. "I wanted Martha to take it. Martha always tells me what folks say."

Presently Patty came back and Grandmother asked her what Mrs. Kent had said. "About what, Grandmother?" said Patty absently. "Oh, yes, about your gift. Why, she said thank you and it was nice to remember her on her birthday. Why, yes, I think she did say something more but I was in a hurry. I think she said to give you her love. Has Amy been in since I left, Grandmother? She was to meet me here at ten o'clock and it is past that now!"

Grandmother, with a little shadow on her face, took up her book once more, but just then Martha came in with a plate covered with waxed paper and two roses in her hands. "See what Mrs. Kent sent you, Grandmother!" she said, triumphantly. "She tapped on the window as I was passing and wanted me to wait for these things. And I wish you could have heard all the nice things she said about that lovely shawl you sent her. She said it was exactly what she had been wishing for, and that it was the very best knitting you had ever done. She had it on, though it was rather warm, and Joe had taken a snap shot of it so you could see how it looked. Joe is developing the picture now, and you'll have it before the day is over. My, but she was pleased!"

Grandmother did not knit or read again that morning, but sat humming a little tune with a smile on her lips as she thought of her long friendship with Mrs. Kent. "I'm so glad Martha happened to be passing," she said. "It makes me very happy to have her tell me little things. Patty is a dear, but somehow she doesn't save up the little things as Martha does, and it is the little things that count with old folks."

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

GRAFTON, MASS.

Dear Editor: We are five girls in the Grafton Unitarian Church School who are trying hard to make a good record of attendance; but two live over two miles away and in stormy weather the roads are difficult. However, two others, who live nearer, are beginning one a ninth and the other a sixth year without absence. Our minister is Rev. Arthur Edward Wilson; our superintendent, Mr. Reginald Anderson. We have the minister's wife for a teacher, and our choice of a book for study was Florence Buck's *The Story of Jesus*. We find the lessons helpful and the pictures beautiful.

It would be a great pleasure to us to appear some day, each wearing a Beacon Club pin.

We forgot to say that, like all your readers, we enjoy everything in *The Beacon* and never fail to read each number entirely through.

Yours with best wishes,

NELLIE TAFT,
HELEN RUSSELL,
FLORENCE CLAPP,
RUTH CLAPP,
EMMA STACKHOUSE.

[Congratulations to the class with such a good attendance record, and especially to the two girls with such a fine record.—Ed.]

ANDOVER, N. H.

Dear Editor: I am fourteen years old and go to the Unitarian Church. My minister's name is Mr. Welch and my teacher's name is Miss Pickett. I have been reading *The Beacon* stories for a long time and enjoy them very much. I also like to do the puzzles. I would like to join the Club and correspond with someone.

Yours truly,

GLADYS BARNETT.

230 CASS ST.,

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Dear Editor: I would like very much to join your Beacon Club. I like the stories in *The Beacon* and I am very glad when they pass them out in Sunday School. My teacher's name is Miss Nathalie Smith and our minister's name is Rev. William S. Jones. I am ten years of age.

Sincerely yours,

NATALIE BISHOP.

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Puzzlers

R. 3, Box 66,

AVON, S. D.

Dear Editor: I read *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I enjoy it very much. I work nearly all the puzzles and enjoy them very much. I go to the Congregational Church of Kingsburg. My teacher's name is Mrs. Wood and our minister's name is Rev. W. J. Isaacs. I would like to join your Club. I am twelve years old and I would like to correspond with some other girl of my age.

Your new member,

ELSIE DE VRIES.

Interesting People

By FRANK HERBERT SWEET

There are some girls who find this a dull world. Except for themselves and a few intimate friends, whose tastes are like their own, everybody seems uninteresting. They do not like to talk with people older than themselves, and those who are younger bore them incredibly.

Now, the girl who finds it impossible to interest herself in anybody outside of a few kindred spirits, confesses to a narrowness of vision which is likely to increase rather than to diminish. As a matter of fact, no one is uninteresting to those whose intelligence is keen enough, or whose sympathies are sufficiently responsive. When the great painter, Millet, chose the models for his famous pictures, he did not go about looking for faces of ideal beauty. Instead, he took the stolid, low-browed French peasants, and, in depicting them, immortalized himself. The greatest authors are not those who have represented some hero or heroine endowed with all the graces, but those who have pictured for us all kinds of people—the ignorant as well as the wise, the wicked as well as the good, the simple as well as the quick and the keen. It is safe to say that no one would be worth calling an artist who appreciated only one kind of face. No one would ever reach greatness as an author who did not find humanity as a whole interesting.

Perhaps few of you are going to develop along the lines suggested. But you are going to live in a world made up of people of different ages, habits, and dispositions. It will make a great difference in your enjoyment of life and in what you are able to do for others, whether you find everybody interesting, or only a limited number.

Acrostic

(Crosswords of five letters)

1. A silver tree in beauty stands;
2. A foreigner meets our demands;
3. This is entanglement indeed;
4. A reproduction here you heed;
5. This, to arrange by rank and size;
6. Bread's baked in these no one denies;
7. Now England, Egypt, France, and Spain;
8. Who seeks a sage will seek in vain.

Initial letters wisely read,
Jack plucked from grandma's posy bed.
L. D. REESE.

Twisted Names of Trees

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| 1. Liowlw Koa | 7. Lisperpy Lme |
| 2. Djaus Etre | 8. Lporap |
| 3. Apmel | 9. Khreiyu |
| 4. Iberh | 10. Omunatni Sah |
| 5. Ldare | 11. Peuser |
| 6. Ecebeh | 12. Lawtnu |

HELEN VERA ANDERSON (Age 11).
Houlton, Maine.

A Fish Problem

Jimmy hooked six fish and then
Hooked six other fish again.
But one-half of these were not
By the hook of Jimmy caught.
Now, how many fish caught he,
If we take from him twice three?

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 23

Beheadings.—1. F-ear. 2. P-age. 3. C-
eat. 4. B-lack. 5. H-eat.

Twisted Names of Girls.—1. Lois. 2.
Virginia. 3. Louise. 4. Peggy. 5. Margy.
6. Charlotte. 7. Anne. 8. Helen. 9. Annie.
10. Sarah.

Charade.—Fire-light.

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